A FAMILY AFFAIR

By HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," and "Dark Page,"

Hornce and Herbert expressed genuine sorrow at this sudden termination to his visit. They pressed him to come to Hazlewood House at the end of the next term. He promised to do so. Only by foreswearing himself could be avoid giving an explanation of what made his presence for the future im-possible. Of course he saw Beatrice as usual; but neither by word or look did he allude to what had passed between them. On her part she seeme I shy and constrained, and the old apathetic manner appeared to have reassertl its sway. Dr. Carruthers' cure for morbidness was a failure!

The mement for departure came. Horace had taken the reins. Herbert was beside him, Frank's portmantenus were stowed away in the big wagonette. He turned to shake hands with Bentrice. "I came here an invalid in body," he said to himself; "I go at my with a chronic mental disease. The ex h nge is a sorry one."

Wen't you come with us, Bentrice;" asked Herbert

she drew back her outstretched hand, and hesitated. Frank turned his eyes away. He would in no way plead for this concession. Suddenly, and in a defiant way, which such a trivial matter by no means seemed to call for, she exclaimed, "Yes, I will come. Wait for me one minute." In one minute, literally, she was back again, in her hat and

jacket, and scated opposite Frank.

Few words passed between them during the drive to the station. A mere good-bye was all they said as Frank took his seat in the train; but as that train relied out of Blacktown, as his eyes for the last time met Beatrice's, fairly and fully, Mr. Carruthers' heart leaped in a way which would have been a credit to a boy's of 18, and once more and for ever he knew that no vanity of his had led him to dare to think that in Miss Clauson's manner towards him there was an undeflamble, inscrutable "something," which had led him to risk and apparently lose all.

So "hope eternal" sprang again, and the conviction forced itself on Mr. Carruthers that the day might come when, in spite of his conclusion number three, he must perforce "grovel."

And, notwithstanding his pride, this fact was Ly no means an unpleasant one!

CHAPTER XV. A DISPUTED CLAIM.

During the last three months of the year Hazlewood House did not belie its reputation calm regularity of its domestic concerns and immunity from the many petty ills and annoyances which afflict less methodically conducted escablishments. So far as could be seen all promised well for a quiet, placid and uneventful winter. Herace and Her-bert employed themselves as was their wont. They were men who could spread out a little occupation over a large slice of time, so never found the hours hang wearily. Beatrice seemed fall ly happy with her bright-haired

The little fellow was now beginning to prattle merrily, and his manner towards the Talberts was more audacious and familiar than ever. Altogether it looked as if nothing would occur to disturb the even tenor of life at Hazlewood House, until the budding hedges once more brought round the usual spring cleaning.

But, all undreamt of by the brothers storms were browing which were to shake their house to the foundations.

Christmas came. Now Christmas Day was a day on which the Talberts made great sacrifics for the good of their follow-creatures. Sylvanus Mordle, who believed that these in poverty were as much entitled to erenture-comforts as to spiritual consolatimes, always sent the hat round at Christmas, and collected a special fund for the purpose of giving all his poor people a hearty dinner. At this dinner the Talberts were his hencimen. No one who knew the r fastidi-ous tastes could have sen them carving huge joints of sanguinary-looking beef or terving out sticky segments of plum-pudding without feeling sure that, at heart, they were thoroughly good fellows. Herbert did once plaintively ask Mordle if the meat need be wife so red. The curate chuckled, "If it wasn't red, they'd say 'twas American, and leave it," he answered. It is to be feared that experience had taught Mordle that charity is often looked upon as a right to be demanded, not a bounty for which to be It was needenth the torrible sights of the

forenoon which made the Talberts rigidly tabeo, so far as their own table was con cerned, all con-entional Christmas fare. As Horace gravely said, there is, to educated minds, something savoring of vulgarity in supposing that the celebration of a certain holy-day must be attended by the consumption of a certain class of comestibles. their dinner consisted of clear scup, fish, a brace of hir is and an omelet.

"We never thought of Beatrice," said Her-ert penisontly. "Beatrice might have liked bert penilently.

roast beef and plum pudding "
But M. s Clauson did not yearn for Christ-Moreover, her thoughts were far away from eating and drinking. Indeed, during the last three months the girl had been, even for her, strangely quiet and thoughtul. As for a little while longer we must be contented to regard her from the outside only, her musings cannot be divulged. To-da . no doubt, she was thinking a great deal a out an impending visit to her father's

He ace and Herbert had urged it earnestly. Not, as they handly and truthfully told her, that they wished to lose her for even a day, was well that the world should think the the Chansens veron united family. It is contains what a simple ten unit people think the world, and how easily they finey is can to taken in.

Bentrice consented to be guided by her u cleantifee. So on the day a for Christ-mass of the Cakbury. In Mail gay and his facility is ere wintering in London. It is sur-pointing the number of respectable facilities

who do winter in London.
S.r Maingay met her at Paddington. The barenet keeped a little reunder and a little mere commonplace than when last she saw him. He greered his daughter affections ely but told her she looked ill and care worn Then he inquired for Horace and Herbert, As Ir an the very first day they had kept Sir Mning w in his proper place, he looked up in them with the greatest respect. 'Is it true they have adopted a child? he asked. Some garbled version of the affair had reached him.

No," said Beatrice. "I have." You, my dear! Adopt a child! Why, it is time you thought of the possibility of having children of your own. I have for months been hoping to hear you were engaged to be

"I shall never marry," said Beatrice, rather

"Depend upon it, it is the best state," said Sir Maingay eagerly. Then he started off on the subject of the precocity which Bentrice's little half-brothers displayed. How the elder said this yesterday and the younger did that the day before-a record of individual but

not general interest. But just before they reached his house Sir Maingay made a more notable remark.
made the acquaintance this week of a wor

relative of your poor mother's-a Mr. Carruthers, who was staying with you some time rane. I told him you were a ming up, and he promise I to call.

It was prowing dual, so the tank that leaped to Miss Clauson's che k was unseen. The was silent for half a minute, then she said, quietly:

I shall be very glad to see Mr. Carwithers.

Lady Clauson was gracious and condeconding. She had gained some sort of suc-Nevertheless, Bentrice was shown various ways that she was a st apper within her father's gates. The little boys were brought down to see her dressed in their comiany clothes and manners. They were good, ordinary, uninteresting little fellows, and no doubt Mes Causen contrasted them with a golden-baired pet of hers at Cakbury Although the indies were civil to each other they did not sympathize. Like many others, Landy Clauson was atterly upable to understand Beatrice.

"Never, if you can help it, marry a widower," she said to a besom friend, "No one can tell the anxiety a first wife's child is

-no one who has not experienced it. "It must be," said the friend with great

If she did not alway dress so carefully." continued Lady Clauson sorrowfully, "I should believe she had made up her mind to be an old maid, and might then do scmething for the boys. She has more money than any young girl should have."

Carruthers called; Carruthers dined at Sir Maingay's, and moreover, presuming on his distant relationship, Carruthers had the auda-

city and, after all that had happened, we may say humility, to escort Miss Clauson to an afternoon classical concert. Since last October Frank had a thousand times pictured his meeting with Beatrice and a thousand times result was that he forgot all his self-training and here himself simply as nature prompted him. He was carnest, tender, respectful. More than ever he felt the charm which the girl enroyed over him, yet he dared not speak again of love. In his inner heart be knew that for well or ill he must some day resay these passionate words—but not yet. The second cast of the die must, should be. the last. His mearest verbal approach to love-making was this;

He told Beatrice he had received a letter from Horace begging him to spend a few days at Calabury before the Lent term began. "It is a great compliment," he said. answered Pentrice, "very great.

Are you going? "That is for you to decide, not for me." She dropped her eves and was silent

Frank waited. "Do you forbid it?" he asked in that antheritative voice which we men love to hear with a man. Still she was silent. He repented the question.

"I have no right to forbid it," sho said. "You have every right. We do not allude to the past, but we do not forget it. Look up and answer me. Shall I go to

Strange to say, he spoke in a commanding way, such as he had never before displayed when addressing her. Perhaps she liked han none the less for it. With an effort she used her eyes to his.
"It is most unwise," she whispered.

"Unwise you mean for me, of course," he said, quickly. "That part is for me to decide,

She held out her hand impulsively. "We an be friends, Frank," she said.

'Always," answered Carruthers, "And now we may as well settle to go down to-

To this she made no objection, and Frank's hye-making ended for the time. His dreams that night may have been pleasant ones, but as for Bentrice she sat for hours in her room gaing into the fire with a pained, hopoless lock on her face. The little line which Frank had once rediced between h r brows seemed to have grown deeper and more distinct. If Carrathers had hoped for a great deal from that journey to Blacktown he was i somed to be disappointed. Events occurred at Haziewo d House which took Bentrice

back in hot haste and alone. One morning Horace and Herbert were in earnest discussion respecting a hip-bath, the paint of which showed signs of wear. The juestion was whether it should be sent to the nctioneer's and sold for the best price, or chould be rejapanned. Herbert, who was given to temporising, favored the reparation. Hornes, who was more thorough in his ideas, there let it should count once to the soler say The matter was so important and interesting est neither of the brothers heard the sound of carriage wheels outside the house.

The wheels were those belonging to a gig, genuine, unmistakable gig. Whittaker, a gemine, unmistakable gig. who saw it come up the drive and step at the front, not the side door, was much disgusted. He did not know the traditional respectability enjoyed by the driver of a gig. He drew the line at dogcarts. Sylvanus' tricycle was uly borne with because it carried a clergy

The gig in question was driven by a man who dismounted and helped to the ground a woman with a good-tempered looking shiny face, and who was dressed in refreshingly bright colors. One of them rang the bell timidly, and after a befitting interval the lignified Whittaker condescended to open the door. The man asked if the Messrs Taibert were in. This collective style jarred - n Whittaker, who had been in the family g chough to remember the time when form of address. He replied that Mr. Tal bert and Mr. Herbert were in, but at present

engaged.
"We will wait until they can see us," said the man. So Whittaker let them come into the house. They wiped their feet on entering so carefully and thoroughly that all doubts as to their being persons of any importance were at once set at rest. Whittaker felt he was quite right in offering them chairs in the hall. They were too resist. histobe left standing, but the gig and the

be a hered into the drawing-ra to a tin the shall I say?" he naked.

"You may we have called on private and confident of It somes." You had better give me your name," said

Mr. and Mrs. Lawlings,"answered to

So Whitnaker went up stairs, found his misters, and told them that a Mr. and Mr. Rawlings wanted to see them on private an-

confidential business. Rawlings, said Herbert, with a shudder, "We know no one with such an awful name,

Who are they, Whittaker?" "I have no idea, sir," said Whittaker. As his musters adjudged the name herrible, he felt half offended at it being supposed he knew any one named Rawlings.

"Where are they, asked Horace," In the hall, sir." Whittaker felt thank.ul he had not been tempted to give them sitting room honors.

"Whittaker," said Horace, gravely, "we shall be extremely annoyed if you have let persons come inside our house who are book hawkers, or, worse still, those who try to buy up second-hand clothes, as there people say key come on private and confidential busi

However, they put their eye-glasses up and went down to the hall and confronted

their visitors. They found a woman whose philistinic attire set their teeth on edge, and a pale-faced man with rather prominent light blue eyes and a weak looking, agitated kind of face. The brothers wondered mightily

what these people could want with them.
"You wish to speak to us?" said Horace, suavely. Although they kept persons at a distante, as long as possible at arm's length, the Talberts were always polite and kindly

If you please, sir," said the man. Horace

"We should like to see you in private." said the woman, glancing round the hall. So Herbert opened the drawing room door, and they all walked inside, "Now, then," said Horace, encouragingly, "what can we do for you, Mr. Rawlings—I believe that is your "Yes, sir," said Mr. Rawlings, drawing

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Rawlings, Harace a out a pocketh k, and handing Harace a printed, "Rawlings card, on which was printed, "Rawlings Bros., Purveyers of Pork, 142 Gray street, London," Liorace shivered, He feit very

"Pork," he said, "is a meat we never touch." Then he motioned to Herbert to ring the bell. But Mr. Rawlings interposed. touch. I didn't come on that sort of businer The fact is, I have heard that some time last year a child, a little boy, was left at your house, sent from no one knows where. Is this correct, gentlemen?"

"It is quite true," answered Horace, He was sorry he had misjudged the man in thinking him a touting tradesman. "But why do you ask?" he added.

The man grew visibly excited. "Me and my wife," he's id, "have strong hopes that

the little boy is one we lost, or had stolen from us, more than two years ago."



"You wish to speak to us?" said Horace, suavely.

The brothers' faces were perfect studies. That two people like this should lay claim to Peatrice's boy was simply absurd. 'sible!" they ejaculated in one breath.

"Don't say impossible," said Mr. Rawlings, "We may find our little boy at last; we have been hunting about all over England for foundlings such as this. It may be this one

Why should it have been sent here?" "I can't tell, sir. But I won't leave a stone

unturned. May we see the boy?" The situation was growing ridiculous, and if the Talberts disliked one thing more than another it was a ridiculous situation. lest way out of this one seemed to be that Mr. Rawlings should see the child and be satisfled it was not his missing of pring. Horace rang the bell and desired that the little boy should be brought down.

Mrs. Miller, the nurse, upon receiving instructions to this effect, imagined that her charge was to be shown to visitors of importance. So she quickly put on his best garments, and made him look very cherulic He trotted into the drawing room a cabinet

picture of childish Pealth and beauty. Rawlings looked at him with excitement in every line of his face. His light blue eyes seemed to be starting out of his head Maria," he whispered hoursely to his wife. "look at him. Just what ours would have grown to. The same hair—the same eye Maria, is this not your boy? Answer meand thank heaven we have at last found

The wife looked at the child but did not answer at once. "It is-I know it is," said the man, "Tell

them so, Maria."
"I hope it is," said his wife.
The Talberts on hearing this looked stupe

fied. The case was assuming undreamt of proportions. Dimly they saw that this recognition meant strange things. "My good man," said Horace, "you are

making a complete mistake." no, sir-no mistake. How can a father be mistaken! Oh, my pretty boy-my long-lost lamb! Come to me and give me one kiss! Come to your father!"

He shot out his arms so vehemently that Harry was frightened, and instead of accepting the invitation ran to Herbert, and hiding his face against his leg set up a howl, which brought in Mrs. Miller, who at once whipped him away. She had strict instructions from Beatrice never to let the child become a nuisance. Horace and Herbert, with archedeye-

brows, sat staring at their visitors.
"We may take our little boy back with us at once, sir-may we not?" asked Rawlings.
"Certainly not," said Horace. "You have not given us the slightest proof it is your

But it is, sir. I know, and Maria knows it is. Tell us how it came here. Until you can

do that we cannot admit your claim for an instant. It is absurd—you must be mis-"Absurd!" echoed Herbert, "Tell no whose child it is, if it isn't mine?" retorted the man. "Do that and I will go

away. I don't care how it came here. I kno I recognize it. It is my poor lost little boy, and I will have it." The man grow more excited than before, Horace was intensely annoyed. He turned to

the woman. "You seem to have some sense," he said; "do you claim this child?" She glanced at her husband and tears Corning into her eyes. "Yes, sir," she said, "I believe it is my child." The situation ew worse and worse. It was well for the y that he had made such friends of Hornee and Herbert or he must have been sacrificed forthwith, if only to rid the house of his

self-styled father and mother. As it was the Tulberts temporized; they promised to consider the matter for a few days, and let Mr. Rawlings know the declarathey might come to. Mr. Rawlings wrote on his business card the name of a lotel at which he was staying, and having again and again asserted that he would not be robbed of his refound son, at last, to the his refound son, at last, to the unspeakable relief of our friends, drove away in his

Never had Horace and Herbert been placed in such a difficulty. They sat stroking their beards for at least half an hour, but could ee no way out of it. The arrival of the child on that evening of last year was as nothing compared to the present dilemma.

eneta short cut out of the difficulty; now there was none. The more they thought the more improbable it seemed that they people could be the parents of the boy. And y the man at least asserted that it was so, is the matter was beyond doubt. The belief that the child was "some one's" child still clung to both Horace and Herbert. seemed, moreover, an absolute insult that the child of such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings should have been sent to Harle-wood House. Why should they have been chosen out of all the world to have this child foisted upon them? Why did not the unknown sender return it to its rightful home? The whole claim was a mistal: whether willful or accidental, it was a mis take. Fond as they had really grown of the little boy, the Talberts were far too just to wink of wishing to keep him from his mate owners: but they had no intention of surrendering him to the first claimant.

Besides, what about Beatries I what would she say! Beatrice, to whom the child seemed as the apple of her eye. Bitterly they blamed themselves for ever having yielded to her request that she might keep the foundling. But what was done was done, and could not Herace wrote to Beatrice by the next post.

He told her that some persons had called and claimed her boy. The whole thing, he said, was a great puzzle to him and to Herbert. They had deferred their decision for a few days. If possible they would do nothing until her return.

Beatrice was alone when she rend that letter. She turned deadly pale and seemed to gasp for breath. Then she rang the bell and

ordered her things to be packed. At breakfast she quietly told Lady Clauson that she found she must return to Blacktown by the next train. She gave no reason for this abrupt departure, and her sudden determinan annoyed Lady Clauson immensely. Maingay said nothing. His daughter had long ago shown him she was entire mistress of her own actions.

"Mark my words," said Lady Clauson as soon as Bentrice had departed; "that girl will some day do something which will dis-

'Oh, nonsense, my love," said Sir Maingay, who had now been married long enough to

find out that his beautiful was his fancy had once painted her.

Beatrice reached Hazlewood House quite unexpected. The Talberts were out, so the unexpected to the nursery. "Where is girl ran straight to the nursery. "Where is my boy?" she cried, so vehemently that she startled Mrs. Miller who knew nothing of the purport of the visit paid yesterday. was there all safe, and Miss Clauson, without removing her outdoor garments, hugged and caressed her jet until she was told that her uncles had come in. She went to them at once. They greeted her in

"What have you done about those wretched people" she asked quickly. "The people who claim my boy, I mean."
"My dear, we have done nothing as yet."

"You will not dream of giving him up?"
"I hope we shall not be obliged to."

"Listen, Unele Horace," her cheek flushed as she spoke. "I will give him up to no one no one at all."

"I am sure, my dear Beatrice, you will be entirely guided by us," said Hornes. "Of course she will," said Herbert, kindly, They must have been sanguine men, as the set of Miss Clauson's browdid not promise well for her submitting to guidance of any

"I shall never give up that boy," she said in a firm voice, "until the person who claims it gives every proof that it is his. would rather run away with him and hide

Horace looked extremely shocked. "My dear Beatrice." he said, "it grieves us both to hear you talk so wildly. The child is a very nice child, but you speak of it as if it were of our own flesh and blood."

Beatrice did not reply to this; but the upshot was that the Talberts promised to write to Mr. Rawlings and say that they held his recognition of a child not seen for more than two years insufficient proof that it was his own, and in the alsence of further evidence clined to entertain his cl Beatrice left them, and for some time they mourned over this new and startling place of demonstrativeness displayed by one of

Two me rulings afterwards. Horner opened letter addressed to him in clark a writing. He read it and it seemed as if his jaw was about to fall. In a lence he leanded the letter to Herbert. Hierbert rend it, and his face reflected his brother's emotion. One glance passed between them and they knew that ey were of one mind. Hornce turned to

"Beatrice," he said in a voice solemn as the grave, and in a manner decisive as the laws of the Medes and Persians, "that child must

be given up. She started, but before she could speak she heard Herbert's echo, equally solemn and decisive: "Beatrice, that child must be given up.

> CHAPTER XVI A TAME SURRENDER.

This is a true copy of the letter which fell like a bombshell between the gentle and peace-loving Talberts:

"BLACKTOWN, Dec. 31, 18—.—To the Messrs. Horace and Herbert Talbart: Gentlemen-We have this morning been consulted by Mr. Rawlings with your refusal to restore to him his child, John Rawlings, whom he lost about two years ago in a mysterious manner, and whom he has recently discovered to be living in your

"The circumstances as explained to us by our client tend to show that the child was deft by some person unknown in a railway carriage, and that it eventually arrived at your house, where, we understand, it has

"Mr. Rawlings will call at your house on next Saturday afternoon, at S o'clock, with a carriage, and we trust you will, without further opposition, allow the child to depart with him

'In case you still refuse to give up the child Mr. Rawlings has instructed us to take immediate legal action to obtain possession of his son, and we are informed that proper legal proof as to the identity of the boy will be hereafter adduced.

"Wo are, gentlemen, "Your obedient servants,

"BLACKETT AND WIGGENS." No wonder that after reading the last paragraph, and realizing the fact that the man with the terrible name meant to fight for his offspring, Horace ejaculated: "The child must be given up!" No wonder that Herbert in his turn echoed his brother's exclamation. Unimaginative as they were, a dreadful pl ture of the consequences of resistance fixed itself on the mental retina of each.

But Beatrice was by far the most agitated of the party. Her check grew white; the hand which she mechanically held out for the letter trembled. Herbert gave her the epis-tolary bembshell, and whilst she read it the brothers gazed at each other in that sadly calm and gravely reflective way at times natural to men whose new sero made up that a particular path of duty must at all cost be trodden to the end. When such a gaze passes from man to man it strengthens the feet of each to tread the stony course. Bostrice read the letter twice.

word the returned it to Herbert; then she

walked across the room to the fireplace and

to d for some minutes tapping her lock u on the finder. Her back being turned to the Talberts they could not see the supreme emtiln shown by her contracted brow and in every line of her set, white face. Had they seen it they would have been to be than surprised—they would have been shocked. Strong emetion was a thing to be shown by well-bred personsonly under the most filter, a provocation. In this case it was uncalled

Presently the girl turned to them. "Yeu vs quite made up your minds to you! to e people's threat? she a ked. There was cursons strained sound in horyeles.

We can do nothing else," answered Horace, Embert nodded a sad esent to his brother's

view of the case.

"Nothing else!" cchoed Bentrice with a but hof sern in her voice. "What right not these people have to the boy! It is not theirs. Uncle Horace, Uncle Hertert, you can remember how he was sent here. How beautifully dressed he was how thoroughly cared for. Can you, can any one for I moment imagine him as belonging to such persons? What are they? Pork butchers you said."

'Purveyors," interpolated Horace, who loved to be precise.

"How is it possible he can be their child?"

ur, ed Bentrice People in any station of life may have children, my dear," said Herbert, uttering the truism like a newly-found proverb of

domon.
"And," said Horace, speaking more to the point, 'the broad fact remains that they cinim the child and are prepared to make that claim good before the magistrates."

The most accomplished jack-of-all-trades generally breaks down when he interprets law—Herace was no exception. Had he known that Messrs, Blackett and Wiggens could only obtain possession of their client's child by a writ of habeas corpus or some such mysterious operation in a civil court he might have felt more inclined to disregard the threat of "immediate legal action. it was, his ignorance of criminal law interpreted the vague threat as conveying the awful terrors of a magisterial summons. mistake shows how much better it would be for the general public if they consulted solicitors in every emergency-and how much better for solicitors!

"Before the magistrates, my dear Beatrice," echoed herbert, dutifully accepting his brother's version of the law.

"Tell them to do so-tell them to prove their right," said Beatrice. The brothers held up their long, shapely hands in horror. "My dear Beatrice," said Horace, with the sciennity of a bishop rebuking a curate, "for heaven's sake be reasonable-we only ask you to be reasonable. How can we possibly appear before the beach and contest this claim? Fancy the talk—the ridi-

cule! You must see the utter absurdify of your suggestion-the utter impossibility of

"Tes, B atrice, I am sure your

said H ribert.

If Miss Causen was misguided e out in a to see the about ity and imposite yof the course she withed be a unclest of a damped on the sureshe standard neither section and the vicinity and imposite yof the course she withed be unclest of a damped on the sureshe standard neither section and the vicinity of the sureshe standard neither section and the restriction of the said purveyor's sen and heir, would have made not only the hair of Oakhury, but his the hair of a pertion of Elacktown stand on end. Think how the farmlies of position wyuld have laughed! Think how annoyed and bitter the wiseneres who were sure the child was "semebody" would have felt when the lowly parentage was revealed! And even if Mr. Rawlings failed to substantiate his claim there would be scandal. People would ask why the Talberts were so anxious to keep.

We contained extracted and it is either and the say to the say ask why the Talberts were so anxious to keep possession of this little stranger. Beatrice's strange fancy for the boy would not be a suf-ficient explanation. The Talberts knew the world and its pettiness and wicked tongue. Once they had braved it in deference to a whim of Beatrice's, but the matter was now far too serious to take a girl's whim into account. They saw that one course only was open to them. When Mr. Rawlings' carriage came to their door little Harry must forth-

with be placed in it. But Miss Clauson still continued unreasonable. She even returned to the attack. "I de "If this man laid not see it at all," she said.

claim to one of your fields you would not give it up."
"A field does not arrive unexpectedly in the middle of the night," said Horace-not humorously, but as one who states a simple

'Take a better simile, my dear," said Herbert. "Suppose you picked up a sovereign in the street and a man came up and swere it was his. Although you might have every reason to doubt his assertion you would, I un sure, give it up in a der touvoid unseemly

'I don't think I should," said Beatrice, definitly. "Oh, yes, my dear, you would," said Hor-

nce, gravely,
"I am sure of it," added Herbert, Beatrice did not pursue Herbert's ingenious argument further. "Nothing—no entrenty of mine will make you change your minds?" she asked. The brothers shook their heads snelly. It was painful to them to refuse her request, but their grave eyes looked into the distance and saw all the horrors which they imagined a contest with Mr. Rawlings would arouse. Beatrico knew that any further appeal would be waste of i reath. "I must

turned away from the arbiters of the boy's "I may say," said Horace, with a slight blush on his cheek, "that we both regret the necessity of this surrender. As a rule we are not fond of children, but your little friend has been very good, and had it been possible we would willingly have given him

go and think," she said, wearily, as she

use room until his future was assured Beatrice took his hand and pressed it. "Thank you," she said, gratefully. Then she passed through the door which. Herbert held open, an act of politeness which not even the relationship of uncle and nicce or the pro verbial contempt bred by familiarity allowed the Talberts to forcet,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Should be kept constantly at hand, for use in emergencies of the household. Many a mother, startled in the night by the ominous sounds of Croup, finds the little sufferer, with red and swollen face, gasping for air. In such cases Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. Emma Gedney, 159 West 128 st., New York, writes: "While in the country, last winter, my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with Croup; It seemed as if he would die from strangulation. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was tried in small and frequent doses, and, in less than half an hour, the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the Pectoral saved my darling's life," Mrs. Chas. B. Landon, Gullford, Conn., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Saved My Life,

and also the life of my little son. As he is troubled with Croup, I dare not be without this remedy in the house." Mrs. J. Gregg, Lowell, Mass., writes: "My children have repeatedly taken Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Coughs and Croup. It gives immediate relief, followed by cure." Mrs. Mary E. Evans, Scranton, Pa., writes: "I have two little boys, both of whom have been, from infancy, subject to violent attacks of Croup. About six months ago we began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it acts like a charm. In a few minutes after the child takes it, he breathes easily and rests well. Every mother ought to know what a blessing I have found in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." Mrs. Wm. C. Reid, Freehold, N. J., writes: "In our family, Ayer's medicines have been blessings for many years. In cases of Colds and Coughs, we take

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